Iron County Register

BY ELI D. AKE.

IRONTON. - - - MISSOURI.

THE CLOWN'S BABY.

It was out on the Western frontier—
The miners, rugged and brown,
Were gathered around the posters;
The circus had come to town!
The great tent shone in the darkness,
Like a wondeful palace of light,
And rough men crowded the entrance—
Shows didn't come every night!

Not a woman's face among them;
Many a face that was bad,
And some that were only vacant,
And some that were very sad.
And behind a canvas curtain,
In a corner of the place,
The clown, with chalk and vermilion,
Was "making up" his face.

A weary-looking woman,
With a smile that still was sweet,
Sewed on a little garment,
With a cradle at her feet.
Pantaloon stood ready and waiting;
It was time for the going on,
But the clown in vain searched wildly;
The "property-baby" was gone!

He murmured, impatiently hunting;
"It's strange that I can not find—
There! I've looked in every corner;
It must have been left behind!"
The miners were stamping and shouting,
They were not patient men.
The clown bent over the cradle—
"I must take *you*, little Ben!"

The mother started and shivered,
But trouble and want were near;
She lifted her baby gently;
"You'll be *very* careful, dear?"
Careful? You foolish darling—"
How tenderly it was said!
What a smile shone through the chalk and paint—
"I love each hair of his head!"

The noise rose into an uproar,
Misrule for the time was king;
The clown, with a foolish chuckle,
Bolted into the ring.
But as, with a squeak and flourish,
The fiddles closed their tune,
"You'll hold him as if he was made of glass?"
Said the clown to pantaloon.

The jovial fellow nodded;
"I've a couple myself," he said,
"I know how to handle 'em, bless you!
Old fellow, go ahead!"
The fun grew fast and furious,
And not one of all the crowd
Had guessed that the baby was alive,
When he suddenly laughed aloud.

Oh, that baby-laugh! It was echoed
From the benches with a ring,
And the roughest customer there sprang up
With: "Boys, it's the real thing!"
The ring was jammed in a minute,
Not a man that did not strive
For "a shot at holding the baby—"
The baby that was "alive!"

He was thronged by kneeling suitors
In the midst of the dusty ring,
And he held his court rude royally—
The fair little baby-king—
Till one of the shouting courtiers,
A man with a bold, hard face,
The talk, for miles, of the country,
And the terror of the place,

Raised the little king to his shoulder,
And chuckled: "Look at that!"
As the chubby fingers clutched his hair,
Then: "Boys, hand round the hat!"
There never was such a hatful
Of silver, and gold, and notes;
People are not always penniless
Because they don't wear coats!

And then: "Three cheers for the baby!"
I tell you, those cheers were meant,
And the way in which they were given
Was enough to raise the tent.
And then there was sudden silence,
And a gruff old miner said,
"Come, boys, enough of this rumpus!
It's time it was put to bed."

So, looking a little sheepish,
But with faces strangely bright,
The audience somewhat lingeringly,
Flocked out into the night.
And the bold-faced leader chuckled,
"He wasn't a bit afraid!
He's as game as he is good-looking—
Boys, that was a show that *paid!*"

—*Margaret Vandegrift, in St. Nicholas.*

MILDRED'S FAULT.

Mildred Percy always had a bosom friend—one of that romantic order of beings to whom she told everything; but the one selected from all others was Ida Bryant, a sentimental companion of boarding-school life, to whom she vowed eternal friendship. Not only her own, but all her family secrets, were confided to her bosom friend; and thus a sort of constraint was exercised over all Mildred's actions by her exacting friend, and such friendship was by no means a source of happiness to the young lady. For Ida was very jealous, and could not tolerate the idea of any other person coming near her devoted follower, for Mildred Percy was Ida Bryant's obsequious follower.

At school all her complaints were poured into Ida's ear—a most unwise counselor for a sensitive young girl, for what Ida advised, Mildred obeyed; and she must pay the most devoted attention to her dear friend Ida, who watched Mildred's every action with suspicious eyes.

So the school days passed on, and the two returned home to enter upon a life of gayety; for the parents of both were wealthy, and nothing was spared to make their entrance into society brilliant.

Mildred Percy was beautiful, and had many lovely traits of character; gentle and affectionate, she was one who gave her whole heart to the one she loved, but was lacking in strong principles by which to steer her bark. And thus Ida Bryant exercised a powerful influence over the young girl.

After two seasons of fashionable life, Mildred attracted the attention of Clarence Ruskin, a high-minded, noble, straightforward man, charmed with the sweetness and feminine graces of Mildred Percy.

We meet the two girls in the young lady's dressing-room, a stormy evening confining them to the house—Mildred pouring the story of her love into the ear of Ida Bryant, for there was an engagement between the pair, the marriage to be postponed for a year.

"And so you expect Clarence always to be the same devoted lover, Mildred," said the bosom friend; "you had better get rid of that fancy, dear, for I've never seen it yet in married life."

"I can trust Clarence," she replied; "he is such a noble character."

"He is seven years older than you, Mildred! I wonder if you are his first love."

Mildred's eyes dropped, and the first drop of suspicion was distilled into the young heart.

"I have heard a little romance," Ida continued, "about him and his cousin, Lucy Douglass—did he never speak to you about her?"

"Never particularly, Ida; I know that he has such a cousin, but he has never told me how beautiful she is."

"I don't like that, Mildred; she is a perfect beauty, they say, and the two were brought up together in their Aunt Leonard's family. I should think that he would have told you all about his young days."

Just then the bell rang, and the servant announced Mr. Ruskin.

"Go down, Mildred," said Ida, "I know that you prefer his company to mine, and I have a charming book that I want to finish."

Mildred could scarcely analyze her feelings as she walked slowly down stairs to meet her lover, for she had always hurried with bounding steps before.

She did not believe one word of what Ida had hinted, but she wished she had not heard the foolish story.

Notwithstanding, her manner was rather cold; but she did not mean to be so, and Clarence noticed it.

"What ails you, darling?" he asked.

"I don't know, Clarence; I believe I'm not very well, that's all."

Then they chatted a while, but not as formerly, and Clarence, unrolling a piece of music, asked Mildred to try it.

It was a lovely song, and she sang it sweetly, to please Clarence.

At last the constraint wore off, and under the power of Clarence Ruskin's fascinations, Mildred was herself again.

He stayed later than usual, and when she returned to her bosom friend, Ida remarked:

"You must have had a delightful evening, Mildred, for it is nearly eleven o'clock.

"It was pleasant, Ida; but I wonder if I had not better say something to Clarence about his cousin?"

"Nonsense, child!" was the reply, "he wouldn't tell you the truth, for I don't believe that he has lived to be nearly thirty without a love affair. You had better be contented, Mildred; perhaps you wouldn't like to hear more."

The story rankled, however, and she made the great mistake of concealing from her intended husband these foolish rumors.

Every now and then Ida dropped her imprudent words concerning this cousin, and Mildred wished that she knew what was really the truth.

She did not know how soon she was to be brought face to face with this imaginary rival.

One evening Clarence came with the intelligence that Lucy Douglas was coming to pay a visit to a friend in New York.

"I wish that you knew her, Mildred," he said; "she is one of the sweetest girls that I ever knew, save one, and I know that you will learn to love her."

"You have never said much about her, Clarence," was the reply.

"That is true, dear; I have been so much engrossed with my own darling, that I almost forgot my cousin Lucy. We were brought up together, and passed our young days in the same house."

"Is she beautiful, Clarence?"

"Perfectly lovely," was the reply.

"Accomplished, too?"

"Yes; no pains have been spared to polish the sweet girl."

"And good, too, Clarence?"

"Yes, Mildred—truly excellent."

"I wonder how you withstood all these attractions, Clarence, being in the same house, too."

"Nonesense, Mildred! I don't like such hints, for Lucy to me is a beloved sister"

"Forgive me, Clarence," she said; "I didn't mean to hurt you."

On the following week the young lady arrived and Mildred hastened to call.

It was all true—for Lucy Douglass was lovely, and she saw that there was a strong bond of attachment between the two cousins.

Clarence wished to make her visit pleasant; and in all the parties made for her by land and water, Mildred was expected to be one.

"Don't you see how he remembers the old love?" said Ida; and poor Mildred was tormented still by jealous thoughts.

She saw, too, that there was a secret between the two, for she often surprised them talking confidently alone, and saw that Lucy was troubled about something that she did not understand.

But Lucy's visit came to an end, and Clarence took her home to her aunt's, staying several days with the family.

Keeping her thoughts to herself, Mildred was still annoyed, when a few trusting words could have set all right; but Ida was always in the way—such an unwise bosom fried.

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The wedding-day at length arrived, and Mildred Percy took the sacred vows of wife to Clarence Ruskin.

After a short wedding trip, they took possession of a lovely home, and Mildred, with such a noble husband, might have been one of the happiest of women, but the breath of the bosom friend still poisoned the atmosphere of wedded love.

One morning at the breaksast table, Clarence read a letter just handed to him, and laying it down, said: "Lucy is coming to pay us a visit, Mildred; she is not well."

The wife did not say much, but wondered why Clarence did not hand her the letter.

At length she said, rather coldly, "I will get her room ready."

The husband looked at her earnestly, saying:

"I hope that my wife will make my cousin welcome."

"You need have no fears," she said; "I shall never forget my duty."

He arose suddenly, and taking his hat, left the house without the usual kiss.

This was the first cloud in the matrimonial sky, and Mildred was miserable all day.

When her husband returned, she hastened to meet him, and throwing her arms around his neck, she said:

"I hope that you are not offended, Clarence."

"I was a little hurt at your manner this morning, Mildred; but it's all past, love, and we won't talk about such folly."

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The young guest arrived, and Mildred's heart was touched by the sight of the sweet pale face, and she resolved to do all that she could to cheer the drooping girl.

But Mildred was still disturbed, for there was evidently a confidence between the cousins that the wife did not share; and, most unwisely, she confided these troubles to her bosom friend.

"I have always told you that there was an attachment between the two," Ida said; "and now I hope you believe me."

"But she may have some personal troubles that can not be spoken of to every one; and you know, Ida, that Clarence is just like a brother to Lucy."

"I don't see much that is brotherly, Mildred. You must know that there should be no concealments from a wife, Mildred, and I wouldn't stand it if I were you."

She hid her sorrows in her own bosom, but there was a chill creeping between the wedded pair, for the sacredness of married life had been invaded.

No pleasant chat now at the breakfast table, for the two were unconsciously drifting apart. It is so easy to disturb the peace of wedded life; and yet Mildred thought that she was performing the duties of a wife, by a most punctilious attention to her husband's comforts, but with such a cold, averted face.

Lucy received frequent letters, and whenever that was the case the two cousins were closeted together in the library.

Then there was an icy coldness in the parlor, and Mildred would retire early to her room.

And yet the sight of Lucy's pale and often tearful face touched Mildred's heart, for she was sure that there was some heart-rending trouble crushing that delicate frame.

Once she came suddenly upon the young lady in the library, where she had just read a letter, and was pressing to her lips a likeness of a gentleman, but Mildred could not see the features.

But Lucy raised her eyes to Mildred's face, and said:

"Just wait a little while, dear friend, and you shall know all my terrible story; but I can't tell you now."

Imprudently Mildred told the tale to her bosom friend, who asked:

"Did you see the picture?"

"Not plainly, Ida; but Lucy was greatly distressed."

"How do you know that it was not your husband's picture?"

"Stop, stop, Ida; I'm sure that it can not be—you must not say such dreadful things to me any more."

In a few days after this a letter arrived which prostrated poor Lucy, and all that she could say was:

"Send for Clarence; I must go immediately."

"Go where?" Mildred asked.

"Clarence will tell you; but it will kill me—it will kill me."

Sending for her cousin, he hurried to the side of the sufferer, and after reading the letter, he said:

"Poor, dear child! has it come to this?"

After they had seen her quietly in bed, Clarence called his wife to the library, and throwing his arm around her, he told Lucy's sad story.

She had formed an unfortunate attachment to Horace Dunbar, much disapproved of by her friends; but she married him privately, and he had proved to be a man of utterly worthless character, and having committed a forgery, was hiding from the law—hence the concealment; but the last letter brought the intelligence that he had been arrested, and was now in prison, awaiting his trial.

"In her troubles, Mildred, I have tried to be a brother," he said; "and now you must see how unjust and foolish were your suspicions, for Lucy has always been to me just like a beloved sister."

"Forgive me, Clarence," she said; "how could I ever harbor a single doubt of one so good and true? But Ida—"

"Yes, Mildred, a bosom friend has made all our trouble."

"I am not worthy of you, Clarence," she sobbed out, "for how could I listen for one moment to such a false friend! But it is all done—I have learned a terrible lesson; but it has taught me wisdom."

Folding her in his arms, he said:

"And now, love, we are truly one; for no Ida Bryant can ever come between us again, and we will be happy once more in our quiet world of love."

"No other bosom friend but my noble husband," she said. "How could I ever be guilty of such a great fault? But let me tell you all, Clarence—how I was led away by my own weakness."

"I would rather, not, love," he answered; "it would only cause you pain."

"But I must, Clarence, make a full confession, and then the subject will be dropped forever."

Then, with all the frankness of a child, and the penitent love of a true woman, Mildred poured out her whole heart, and at the close Clarence pressed her to his heart, and, with fond kisses on her tearful cheek, said:

"We have renewed our marriage vows, dear, and now our souls will grow together, and we shall be truly one."

Lucy insisted on going to her husband, for like a true woman she remained faithful because all others had forsaken him.

Next morning Clarence accompanied the heart-broken wife to the prison to see her husband in a felon's cell, where there was a heartrending interview; for with all his faults, Horace Dunbar loved his gentle wife.

Bringing her home again, Mildred received the poor crushed wife to her warm young heart, and in the shelter of that loving home, the sufferer found a refuge from the storms of life, where out of sight of the noisy world she bore her sorrow in solitude, with God only for her comforter.

The rupture between the married pair might have been much more disastrous in the hands of a different man; but Clarence understood his young wife, and was very sure he had always sat upon the throne of her heart, and left it to the developments of time to heal the sorrowful breath.

Ida Bryant saw that her reign was over, for never again did she dare to whisper a suspicious word, and Mildred had learned that a husband is the only bosom friend of a true wife.—*Gody's Lady's Book.*

—A Quebec telegram says that as a farmer was descending the Cote des Peres at Levis with a load of wood, the sleigh slid sideways, and, striking violently against the railing on the edge of the precipice, which is here about sixty feet high, carried it away, and horse, sleigh, wood, and man went over. Fortunately, no injury occurred to either man or beast, and even the sleigh was not injured. The brave habitant, when he recovered from the surprise naturally attendant on the accident, proceeded to reload his wood and went on his way.

Plantation Life in Louisiana Before the War.

In 1798, Jean Etienne Bore, with a gang of thirty negroes, raised a crop of cane, and on its manufacture into brown sugar, sold it for $12,000. This enterprise established the sugar industry firmly in Louisiana. The rich planters at once embarked in it, while the small planters of cotton and tobacco prospered by this opportunity to cultivate with less competition. In five years from the time of its second introduction, 5,000,000 pounds of sugar was the annual yield of the colony, which had now some fifty or sixty thousand inhabitants. The income from the culture of sugar was about twenty-five per cent. Pontalba reports of the province about this time that "the facility with which man can supply his wants is such that two hours of daily labor are sufficient to procure him all the means of existence." One may judge from this statement the value of the slave system to the planter of that day. The average Southern negro, in his present condition of citizenship and individual responsibility, is the laziest of mortals, and will work no longer than is necessary to assure to him the gratification of to-day's wants. How much this state of things would have been aggravated in early Louisiana we can form some estimate; but we cannot grasp the extent to which it would have interfered with the brilliant career of the colony. As it was, the prosperity of Louisiana was marvelous despite the troubles existing between the colonists and the people of the United States, who looked upon the province with greedy eyes, and to whom the possession of it was only a matter of a few years at most. Life on the plantations trod in velvet-soled slippers, and the harshest winds were tempered with balmy warmth and the perennial fragrance of millions of wild flowers over which they were compelled to pass. Domestic ennui and their own strange combinations of character fostered in the fair sex the softer elements of romance, which were instrumental in imparting the knightly tone to the society of the day.

When the United States acquired possession of Louisiana, and for many years thereafter, New Orleans was the most luxurious city on the new continent. During the first half of this century a style of living was kept up in Louisana which, in an attempt to picture it, becomes simply indescribable, and which if described would not be believed. The best wines of Europe flowed more freely than beer does to-day. The equipages were the finest the world could produce. The jewelers of New Orleans grew rich in a year on their commissions, while New York agents ransacked Europe for novelties in plate and artistic jewelry. The fine arts were largely patronized, although the effect of the atmosphere of slavery was to encourage tastes not consistent with a high degree of admiration for pure art. There is a massive service of gold in the safe of the St. Charles Hotel at New Orleans which recalls the splendor of ante-bellum Louisiana. Yet in all this luxurious display very little money was handled. Immense bills were paid at a time, but the transactions which took place on credit were enormous and went on for years in some cases without involving the introduction of a dollar. Old business men of New Orleans have assured me of repeated instances of this, and of the utter carelessness of these wealthy patrons in ordering on credit. But when the accounts of the tradesman or merchant were finally presented, this carelessness was even exceeded by the indifference with which the creditor met the gigantic total and paid the debt.

The earliest plantations were situated along the Mississippi south of the city, and many of them bear the names they received from the original French and Spanish owners, as Conception, Magnolia, St. Andrew's, etc. In many cases the planters' houses were massive structures, constructed on no particular architectural principle, with little attempt at finish or ornament, built of wood scarcely redeemed from its natural state of timber, but providing the amplest room for all household purposes. Few of them, indeed, there were which did not suggest the idea of space sufficient to meet all the requirements of the feudal baron, who sheltered under his castle roof an army of knights and vassals. The old Southern planter's notion of a comfortable home was a house with plenty of "elbow-room" in it. Other mansions were built of stone or brick, brought up or down the Mississippi, in a square, antique style of architecture, with great varandas, and massive Roman pillars—the outside of the structure being stuccoed and more or less ornamented. Beautiful flower gardens, in which were cultivated every variety of blooming plant obtainable, graced the front view of these great houses; and sometimes statuary might be seen tastefully scattered about, and visible through the glistening spray of perpetual fountains. The style and situation of the planter's house has not changed much in a century, and a visitor to the sugar plantations in Louisiana to-day will see in this respect what he would have seen in the early part of the century. It is needless to say he will find changes in the social atmosphere and methods of life so contrasted. There is nothing left of the old days now, save in the memory of a few venerable lingerers on the scene.—*International Review.*

A Man Killed by Electricity.

At Hatfield House, on Monday, William Dimmock, a laborer, was assisting in laying a telephone wire when he slipped from a wall, and in falling took hold of a wire used in connection with the Brush lights which are in operation at Hatfield House. He was immediately killed by the electric current. The medical evidence showed that death arose from shock to the system, causing paralysis of the heart. At the inquest the jury returned a verdict that the deceased died through touching the electric wires; and appended a recommendation that there should be a fixed time for working the current, and that notice should be given of it to all persons engaged near the wires. It was stated that, to avoid similar accidents in the future, the wires would all be conveyed either underground or on poles out of reach.—*St. James' Gazette.*

—Rumor says that one of the Von Steubens left his heart in America, and is coming back to see about it.

The Democratic Lesson.

It is a mistake to suppose that the election of Riddleberger to the Senate from Virginia has no significant effect on Southern politics. It is a very grave disaster to the Democratic party. The loss of the two Senators from Virginia cannot be compensated for by the odium which will attach to the Republicans by their coalition with the Repudiationists. It destroys the almost even balance in the Senate, and gives the Republicans the control of that body for some years to come. It will take hard fighting and a long time to recover the advantage we have lost. But the lesson this misfortune teaches is not one of supineness. Bad counsels, and Democratic antagonisms are at the bottom of the disaster in Virginia. The party which should be united upon every issue is, in a number of States, split into factions. It was so in Virginia. It is so in the West. With the exception of Nebraska, there is no State, perhaps, west of the Alleghanies where the Democratic party votes as a unit upon National issues. The finances have demoralized the Democrats of Ohio, Indiana, Wisconsin, and indeed all of the debatable States. The tariff comes in to destroy Democratic harmony in Pennsylvania, the New England States, Louisiana, South Carolina, and Colorado. It is useless to say that these things ought not to exist. The fact remains that they are all pervading evils. That there is a reason for this condition of things does not alter their significance. All effects have their causes. The trouble in the Democratic party everywhere is lack of discipline. The leading issues of the party are not kept with sufficient prominence before the people, nor insisted upon with rigid fidelity by party conventions. It is evident to every Democrat in the country that the party cannot enter a National canvass without a clear and explicit recognition of the fundamental principles of the party. These are hard money, a tariff for revenue only, and persistent opposition to the exercise of doubtful powers in legislation. If these principles are essential in a National campaign, they are equally so in a State canvass. To be successful the party must retain its organization and its discipline. A victory won by the demoralized elements of a combination of parties is no victory at all. As to Virginia, it is invariably the prelude to subsequent disaster. Financial heresies has worked the mine of the Democratic party in Virginia. It is menaced by the same evils in Ohio, Indiana, Wisconsin and Colorado, all of them debatable States which can be made Democratic, if the principles of the party are preserved and maintained under all circumstances.—*Omaha Herald.*

Tariff Taxation.

It would be difficult to find an example of greater duplicity than that practiced by protectionists when they declare that the tariff is not a tax. At the late Manufacturers' Protective Convention, held at Chicago, Mr. G. B. Stebbins, of Detroit, made a declaration which took the form of a resolution, and was considered by the Convention. He said:

Of all the misstatements of free-trade advocates, none is more gross than the impudent and oft-repeated falsehood that a tariff is a tax added to the cost both of the imported article and of the like article made or produced in this country—a tax on the people for the benefit of so-called monopolists, etc.

Mr. Stebbins is explicit. He says that the tariff is not a tax added to the cost of the imported article, and that a tariff does not enable manufacturers in this country to maintain higher prices for their wares then would be demanded if there were no tariff. The Galveston *News*, in commenting upon the remarkable statement of Mr. Stebbins, remarks that "the resolution is not only conceited and arrogant, but it is a stupid rehash of the oft-repeated falsehood," that it charges the fact with being, and flatly contradicts all the grounds on which a tariff is urged. It assumes that the people are fools and easily gulled into any false theory that is gilded with gold; and to this extent it insults their intelligence, and attempts to betray them into the condition of hewers of wood and drawers of water to the protected manufacturers. The man or the set of men who assert such an absurdity, and essay to give it currency as genuine coin among the people who are not supposed to be familiar with the subtleties of the tariff system, are amenable to the charge of ignorance or deception. Surely the organs of the manufacturers will be accepted as authority touching the real facts. A recent number of the *Iron Age* furnishes full quotations of the prices of metals in England and in the United States, and, as matter of information to its readers, who may want the knowledge in fixing their prices, it adds, in connection with the different articles, the rate of duty. Two or three articles mentioned will suffice for the purposes of this argument:

"Take steel rails; its English correspondent reports that two manufacturers have been taking orders at £5 15s. per ton, say $28.75; but most of the makers insist on £6 to £6 5s. per ton, or $30 to $31.25. The duty on steel rails is $28 per ton. Add this, you have a little less than $60; to this must be added the cost of ocean freight. What was the price of steel rails in the New York market, according to this same paper, at that time? Sixty dollars a ton. Take the case of pig-iron; the quotations are from the same paper. Garthsherrie is quoted on the other side at 53s. to 60s. 6d., say $13.25 to $15.12; the duty is $7, which raises these amounts to $20.25 to $22.12. Then there is the freight to be paid, and the quotation of Garthsherrie in New York is $25 to $25.50. The lowest quotations of American pig-iron were $21 to $21.50. Is the duty added to the foreign price, and then is the price so arrived at the basis on which prices for the domestic article are based, or not? If it is, then the tariff is a tax; and if not, what do these figures mean?"

It is not required at this time to extend the argument further to prove that a tariff does just what Mr. Stebbins declares it does not do, and the extract given from the *Iron Age* so conclusively contradicts Mr. Stebbins that people of average understanding can not fail to see a purpose to rob the people by processes which are supported by falsehood. The tariff tax upon woolen goods which the people of Indiana are required to purchase continually is simply enormous. It is safe to say that if the tariff on woolen goods were reduced one-half the Government would receive more revenue owing to increased importation, while the people would be benefited by lower prices, as the result of sharper competition. As the case now stands ready-made clothing is taxed 56 per cent., cloths 72 per cent., and blankets 89 per cent., and women's and children's dress goods 70 per cent. This enormous tax is laid upon foreign importation of woolen goods, mainly for the purpose of protection, to aid American monopolies to obtain from consumers fully 25 per cent. more than they would be required to pay if the purpose of the tariff was to secure revenue, We assume that the 285,000 families in Indiana will purchase two blankets each annually, at a cost say of $4 for the pair. This would represent an annual expenditure for blankets of $1,040,000. The tariff tax on blankets is 89 per cent., and amounts to almost total prohibition. The revenue derived from such importations during the year 1880 amounted to only $127,448. It is fair to assume, if the tariff were reduced, the Government would obtain more revenue. Importations would increase, and the people of Indiana would save at least 25 per cent. of their expenditures on the one article of blankets which, upon the basis of calculation here introduced, would amount to $260,000 a year. In the article of woolen cloths, universally in demand, it is the opinion of dealers that the tariff tax makes a difference in cost to consumers of fully 33⅓ per cent. The tariff on cloth is 72 per cent., and this enormous tax, while it does not arrest importations, enables dealers to sell to the people of Indiana for one dollar a yard cloth that in England or Canada sells for not more than sixtv cents a yard, and when the sum total of Indiana's demand is estimated, the burden of tariff taxation swells to enormous proportions. Assuming that of the 1,000,000 males in Indiana 700,000 of them will require four yards of woolen cloth a year, we have an annual consumption of 2,800,000 yards. If we assume that the cloth cost $1 a yard, we have an annual expenditure for woolen cloths of $2,800,000. If we assume that the tariff of seventy-two per cent. on woolen cloths advances the price of the home product fifteen cents per yard, the tax amounts to the sum of $420,000 a year. If we were to take into consideration women's and children's woolen dress goods, upon which the tariff tax is seventy per cent., the showing would be equally astounding, and the same would hold good in ready-made clothing, upon which the tariff tax is fifty-six per cent. There is not an intelligent dealer in the State who is not willing to admit that the tarift is a tax upon the article protected, and there is not a single instance where the facts do not apply. This being the case, the demand is that the tariff tax upon the essentials of life shall be reduced in the interest of the Government and of consumers.—*Indiana State Sentinel.*

The New Postmaster-General.

"Ah," said Mr. Howe, the venerable head of the Postoffice Department, yesterday morning, as he toasted his chilled bunions before an oven fire in the room which Colonel James had just vacated. "This is comfortable: warm room, plenty of help to wait on me, nice sofas to snooze on after dinner, no noise, no bustle to disturb one. There's no reason why I shouldn't enjoy myself here for a few years very pleasantly."

Enter a newspaper correspondent briskly. "Good morning, Mr. Postmaster-General. Getting settled in your place, I am glad to see."

"Yes, young man; getting well settled, I trust."

"Well, now, I suppose we may look out for big reforms. New brooms sweep clean, eh?"

"Yes; we must have reforms. Great many bad ideas afloat in the country. Must exert our influence to suppress them. Must be suppressed. Must—have—sweeping reforms."

"Glad to hear it. Your department, usually it is believed, has the most need of any for thorough reforms."

"Yes, yes; it is very sad. Under that man Hayes lots of men got clerkships and offices, and good contracts, who were so depraved and unprincipled as to actually sneer at General Grant, and say a third term was an outrage. I'll stop it, I tell you. Those fellows will find out which side of their bread is buttered, mighty quick. The morale of the department must be raised until there is not an anti-third-termer left in it."

"But how about the star-route prosecutions?"

"Young man," said the sage (and catnip) of Oshkosh, "Have you read my article in the *International Review* on the third term? Take a copy along with you and read it. I make some comparisons there of a third term as a new Christian era, and of some of General Grant's to the Sermon on the Mount, which I think will interest you. Good morning."

And as the disappointed correspondent retired he saw that the grateful warmth of the room had brought an "exposition of sleep" to the resurrection from Wisconsin, who called the private stenographer to fling an afghan over him as he reclined his aged form on the yielding sofa.—*Toledo Blade (Rep).*

—A little girl living near New London, Conn., two years ago poked a bean up one of her nostrils, and it was thought the obstruction had long since become disintegrated and passed down in its natural course; but one day last week the child fell, striking her head forcibly against a lounge, when the bean fell to the floor without any apparent change except the smell, which was unbearable.

——Mr. R. B. Hayes will sail for Europe in a few days. The money he will offer hotel and shopkeepers at his various stopping-places is the savings from Mr. Tilden's salary. If it is refused he will probably say he has no other, but he will not be offended.—*Philadelphia Times.*

——George Gorham will have to be admitted to the Union as a State, in spite of the opposition of the New York *Tribune.* When Riddleberger is elected, Gorham will have two Representatives in the Senate, and no State has any more than this.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

—A Dr. Wallace, formerly a Confederate soldier, who recently died, bequeathed to a daughter of Mr. Thomas H. Allen, of Lynchburg, Va., $10,000 for kindness and hospitality extended to him when ill by her father and mother.

——The chief complaint which the Republican party has against the Mormons consist in the fact that the Mormons don't vote the Republican ticket.